LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS

TO

THE POEMS

OF

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

FORTY-NINE PHOTOGRAPHS

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL

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"There is a village, and looks how quiet and small!
And yet bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip, scandal, and spite."
— *Maud.*

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky.
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die."

In Memoriam.

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill."
— *Break, Break, Break.*

"Fair is her cottage in its place,
Where yon broad water sweetly slowly glides.
It sees itself from thatch to base
Dream in the sliding tides."

— *Requiescat.*

" Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm,
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands.
— *Enoch Arden.*

"I turn to go: my feet are set
To leave the pleasant fields and farms;
They mix in one another's arms
To one pure image of regret."

— *In Memoriam.*

"An English home — grey twilight pour'd
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep — all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace."

— *The Palace of Art*

"and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse."
— *The Lotos-Eaters*

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"Arise, and let us wander forth,
To yon old mill across the wolds,
For look, the sunset, south and north,
Winds all the vale in rosy folds."

— *The Miller's Daughter.*

"The lanes, you know, were white with May."

— *The Miller's Daughter.*

"'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall:
Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts."

— *Locksley Hall.*

"From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her:"

— *Mariana.*

"Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray."

—*Mariana.*

26318x

"A garden bower'd close
With plaited alleys of the trailing rose,
Long alleys falling down to twilight grots."

— *Ode to Memory.*

26194

"The brook that loves
To dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
Drawing into its narrow earthen urn."

— *Ode to Memory.*

263204

"Where from the frequent bridge,
Like emblems of infinity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky."

— *Ode to Memory.*

26021+

"O is it the brook, or a pool, or her window-pane,
When the winds are up in the morning?"

— *The Window.*

203224

Z 6523 X'

"The wind is roaring in turret and tree."

— *The Sisters.*

"And in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest."

— *In Memoriam.*

"Then crost the common into Darnley chase
To shew Sir Arthur's deer."

— *The Brook.*

"What time the mighty moon was gathering light."

— *Love and Death.*

"I climb the hill: from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend."

In Memoriam

"And oft in ramblings on the wold,
When April nights began to blow,
And April's crescent glimmer'd cold,
I saw the village lights below."

— *The Miller's Daughter.*

"She moves among my visions of the lake,
While the prime swallow dips his wing, or then
While the gold-lily blows, and overhead
The light cloud smoulders on the summer crag."

— *Edwin Morris or The Lake.*

"The sun look'd out with a smile
Betwixt the cloud and the moor."

— *Maud.*

"'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy spendour falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls;
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet."

— *Maud.*

"From the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs
Came on the shining levels of the lake."

— *Morte d' Arthur.*

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"Pour round mine ears the live-long bleat
Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,
Upon the ridged wolds."

— *Ode to Memory.*

"From brawling storms,
From weary wind."

— *Ode to Memory.*

"When the sunset burned
On the blossomed, gabled-ends,
At the head of the village street."

— *Maud.*

"And rise, O moon, from yonder down
Till over down, and over dale,
All night the shining vapours sail
And pass the silent lighted town."

— *In Memoriam.*

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"The plain was grassy, wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan."

— *The Dying Swan*

26394

"Fair Spring slides hither o'er the Southern Sea."

— *Th. Progress of Spring*

"High over the full-toned sea."

— *The Sea-Fairies.*

" From the westward-winding flood,
From the evening-lighted wood."
— *Margaret.*

"When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow."

— *The ballad of Oriana.*

"Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great."

— *The Lord of Burleigh.*

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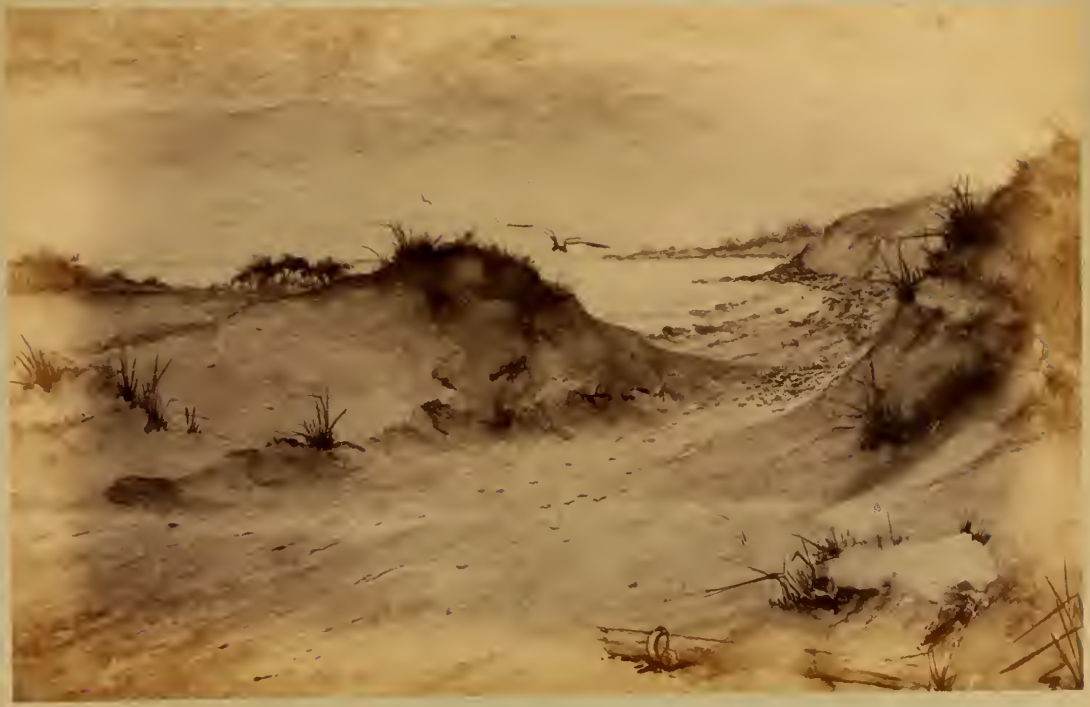
"An' I' a stubb'd Thurnaby waäste.
D' ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not born then;
Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eerd 'm mysen;
Moäst loike a butter-bump, for I 'eerd 'm aboot an' aboot,
But I stubb'd 'm oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled 'm oot."

— *Northern Farmer — Old Style.*

"And here on the landward side, by a red rock, glimmers the Hall;"
— *Maud.*

2 63/5 X

"The fields between
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-uddered kine."
— *The Gardener's Daughter.*



"the long shore cliff's windy walls."
— *Enit.*

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"The long gray fields at night;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool."

The May Queen.

"The church."

— *Aylmer's Field.*

"at the inrunning of a little brook."

— *Lancelot and Elaine.*

"Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land."

— *The Lord of Burleigh*

"On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot."

— *The Lady of Shalott.*

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